

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Thug Passion"

(feat. Dramacydal, Storm, Jewell)

Aight, new drink  
One part Alizé, one part Cristal  
Thug passion, baby  
y'all know what time it is  
This drink is Guaranteed to get the pussy wet and the dick hard  
Now, if you with me  
Pour a glass and drink with a nigga, knowhatimean?  
I ain't tryin' to turn you all niggas into alcoholics - alcoholics  
I'm just tryin' to turn you into motherfuckin' thugs  
So come and get some of this thug passion, baby

*[Kastro:]*

Mayne! I could pull out the drink and be good until it's relevant  
But I'm a straight soldier, I'll roll up a nigga like it's Heaven sent  
Trippin' over dead presidents  
they got these derelicts  
I throw was down with this business, tryin' to clown and get a cent  
And so rather, than stand forever  
Been thinkin' drinkin' over a felony  
And hell of me  
And how it will be in hella shit, people tellin' me to cool out  
But they ain't feelin' me, a motherfuckin' fool, about  
My fuckin' cheddar cheese  
and it pleases, passion of mine  
Thuggin', huggin' plenty of G's and laughin' while I pass through times  
And all these bastards be watchin' just keep it plain  
I'ma keep it the same partner, just take it the simple game  
I can, pinkle with the rain twinklin'  
Diamonds and things go blinkin'  
Enough to hold me, 'til I'm, old and wrinklin'  
and These adversaries  
They gonna have to be worryin'  
Cause I'ma be illin', fulfillin' my passion  
'Til I'm buryin' my thug passion

*[Jewell:]*

I heard it's the bomb  
And you got it goin' on  
Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
You got me drippin' wet  
from the way you make me sweat  
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

*[Napoleon:]*

Now what if me  
Turn this Hennessy into a robbery  
The Prophecy probably suddenly switch and how it supposed to be  
And Dirty money  
Can't be evil cause it's fillin' up my tummy

Born in a position, death collision was futuristic  
Twistin' riches, but there is only one way to make more  
So I'm standin' on the corner tryin' to hustle in the snow  
And my bigger bro, couldn't know  
But buy a .44, blastin' at playa haters wantin' more  
with a Thug Passion

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*  
Puttin' down mashin', control by this thug's passion  
Unlike them other bustas pistol blastin'  
I'm askin', what happened  
To the niggas who kept it real like they claim to  
That's what money and fame do, see they ain't true  
Travelin' this road my poor soul has been consolidated  
With all this bullshit that I done tolerated  
How I made it, can be easily stated  
It's like my hardest bring the grip with the passion, left me to fuckin' greatest  
Load up and take shit

*[Yaki Kadaffi:]*  
Make it to some high dollar gangsta shit  
Jack a stack 'til we got enough bank to split

*[Storm:]*  
Creep with me, through that immortal flow  
Thug passion got you tremblin' like Death on the Row  
Make your move, so I can throw your mind a curve  
While I'll be blowin' up the scene, like my nigga Mr. Herb  
Take a toke, as your heart goes full arrest  
I got the bomb, so nigga, fuck the rest  
You need a dub to get you flowin'  
and let that loc see smoke  
Feelin' the strokes of the 9 squeeze tight and slow

*[Jewell:]*  
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They say money don't make the man  
But damn, I'm makin' money  
Observin' you motherfuckers, 'cause some of you bitches funny  
Say you want it but you bullshittin'  
Lickin' them lips, you got me about to act a fool quick  
Sippin' on some Alizé and Cristal, meanwhile  
Buy me a drink and get to winkin' at me, she smiles; a niggas full of passion  
Satisfaction is everlastin'  
"How does it feel?" what I'm askin'  
While I'm rubbin' on that ass "Why you laughin'?"  
see, I'm diggin' as if I'm curious  
full blown and furious  
Baby, get a grip, when I be doin' this  
It's so physical my attraction

Driven by alcohol, beware of my reaction  
    baby I'm born to ball  
    thugged out on Death Row  
    You better recognize and picture what I said so  
Now you can feel it, it's a portion for my niggas in motion  
    Forever blastin', bitches ain't ready for this thug passion

[Jewell (DJ Quik):]  
    I heard it's the bomb  
    And you got it goin' on  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
        (Thug passion)  
    You got me drippin' wet  
        From the way you make me sweat  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!  
        (Thug passion)  
    I heard it's the bomb  
    And you got it goin' on  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
        (Thug passion)  
    You got me drippin' wet  
        From the way you make me sweat  
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        (Thug passion)  
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    Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

Thanks to schonky, mzhoney for correcting these lyrics.

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